



EASTER 1890

How heartily I love to sing his praise
Without delay
Who takes them by the hand, that thou like-wise
With him mayst rise—
That, as his death calmed thee to dust,
His life may make thee glad, and much more just,
Awake, my love, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art
The cross taught all wood to round his name
Who bore the same
His stretched arms taught all strings what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day
Consort both harp and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long!
Or since all made is but three parts vied
And multiplied,
Oh, let thy blessed spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I got me flowers to strew thy way,
I got me flowers of many a tree;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And broughtest thy sweetest along with thee.

The sun rising in the east,
Though he give light and the east perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many come to shine endow?
We count three hundred, but we miss
There is but one, and that one ever.
—George Herbert.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.



IT was a glad voice
In triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen,
And man cannot die.

Yah were the tears
That gathered around him,
And about the dominion
Of death and the grave.

He burst from the
Gravestone of darkness
That bound him,
Resplendent in glory
To live and to save,
And was the chorus
Of angels on high.

"The saviour hath
risen, and man cannot die."



But Jesus hath cleared the dark valley of sorrow,
And made us immortal, to heaven ascend;
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.
—Rev. Henry Ward.

ESPERANCE.

AN EASTER STORY OF OTHER DAYS BY F. A. MITCHELL.



FIFTY years ago, the Battery in New York on summer evenings was frequented by the wealthier people of that city, many of whom lived on the streets fronting it and about the Bowling Green. One spring evening—it was in March, 1843—when the twilight was fading into night, an old lady, whose appearance betokened that she belonged to the class referred to, stood upon the very edge of the green sward, shading her eyes with her hand as though the sun was shining, and peering down the bay. Her hair was white, her eyes were very black, and in them an uneasy glitter.

Close beside her on one of the benches lounged a sailor, a handsome youngster with a frank, engaging countenance.

"What are you looking for, ma'am?" he asked.

"My eyes are pretty good; perhaps I can help you." He took a short pipe out of his mouth before speaking.

"I'm looking for my son. He was to have been in long before this. She ought to be out there now."

"What vessel?"

"The Esperance."

The sailor looked at her scrutinizingly for a moment. He seemed to understand the situation readily. He well knew that the Esperance had sailed from New York ten years before for China, and after leaving port on her return had not been heard from.

"I don't think she'll get in to-night," the young man replied, in a kindly tone. "You see the tide isn't right. The Esperance has considerable draught and would need plenty of water."

She was not discouraged, but continued to peer down the bay with her hand over her eyes.

"Better not expect him to-night," the sailor went on, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "The wind's chilly; you'd better go in."

At that moment a young girl came walking over the grass towards the old lady. She wore a costume cut after the fashion of the time, and carried on her arm a worsted shawl. The young sailor rose at her approach, and stood while she stepped up behind the watcher and threw the shawl over her shoulders. Then, taking her by the arm, the girl led her away to one of the brick residences with a door having Ionic pillars and side lights and semi-circular lights above, which have since passed into the hands of the shopkeeper and the beer vendor.

The sailor sighed as he saw the door close behind them. There was that in the poor woman expecting the return of her son, whose bones might be whitening on some desert beach or lying at the still sea bottom, which touched him,

Then the girl, with her slender figure and exquisitely shaped head, regarding her charge so tenderly and leading her with such gentle force, drew him irresistibly.

Ben Maryweather was the son of a New York China merchant. He was spending a term before the mast to fit him to command one of his father's vessels. He had only arrived with his ship the day before, and was not to sail again for several weeks.



"I'M LOOKING FOR MY SON."

The next evening he went again to loiter on the Battery, but this time it was with a purpose—to catch another view of the old lady and the lovely girl. It was not long before the former came out and stood shading her eyes with her hand, looking for the lost Esperance. The young man spoke to her in a kindly way.

"She's not in yet, you see; the prevailing winds at this season of the year are westerly, and that would keep her back, you know."

But the old lady either did not hear or her mind was too clouded to understand.

"Then, after a vessel has been out a long while harnessed and sea grass or such matter accumulate on the bottom, and that keeps her back, too."

"Do you think she will be in by Easter Sunday?" asked the lady.

"Oh, yes, by Easter Sunday. Let's see. This is the last Saturday in March. Easter comes this year on the second Sunday in April. She'll surely be in by that time. That is, unless the winds are too much in the west or she gets becalmed."

"I want Tom with me this Easter. I may not see another," the old lady said sadly. "He promised to come before Easter."

"Oh, there's no doubt about it for Easter. There's lots of time for that."

Just then there came to Ben Maryweather an impression that eyes were upon him. He turned, and directly behind him stood the young girl with the worsted shawl on her arm. It seemed from her expression that for some reason, unknown to him, her heart was going out to him through her eyes. He took off his cap deferentially and stood without speaking. He had not scrupled to address the elder person, but refrained from taking the same liberty with the younger. But the girl spoke to him, and kindly, too, and leading him aside explained to him that the old lady was her mother, and that her brother, Tom Van Arden, had sailed so long ago that she herself didn't remember him, as she was then a little girl. When hope of the Esperance had been abandoned, Mrs. Van Arden's mind had given way, and every day for ten years, summer and winter, she was used to going out to the edge of the Battery to look for one who, doubtless, would never come. Ben also learned that before Tom Van Arden had sailed on his return trip he had written his mother that his ship would be due in New York about the 1st of April, and he hoped to dine at home on Easter Sunday.

Caroline had heard Ben's excuses to her mother for the non-arrival of the Esperance, and they had gone straight to her heart. There were frequent meetings afterwards on the Battery, and many an hour was passed happily by the two young people while Caroline was attending her mother. Being of a hopeful disposition, Ben stoutly averred that they would hear from the son and brother in time; that he had been wrecked in an out of the way place and sold into slavery, or in some other way detained. Then he kept up a series of yarns to the mother about the different ways vessels might be delayed, which if they were considered punishable lies would sink his soul into perdition.

As Easter approached Mrs. Van Arden grew more restless and difficult to control. Caroline told Ben that this had always been the case since Tom had failed to return as he had promised, and that this year her mother seemed more excited than ever before.

At last Easter Sunday came. They'll be at the Battery in the morning to-day, thought Ben, and I'll just go out myself and help Miss Caroline console her mother, for she'll probably be pretty bad. It's lucky I'm good at yarns.

And out he went very early, and seating himself on a bench, waited.

It was a beautiful April morning. The waters in New York bay were then much purer than they are now, when the refuse of several great cities are poured into them, and on this Easter morning were very beautiful. The sky, too, was serene, and the islands rose peacefully on the south horizon of the bay. There was Bedloe's Island to the right and Governor's Island to the left, with round old Castle William looming up, and further down Staten Island.

True enough, Mrs. Van Arden soon came out, followed by her daughter, who was endeavoring to quiet her, for she was moaning and talking wildly. Ben met them and led them to a bench, and seating himself between them, began to help Caroline to quiet her mother. He chattered like a magpie: "Now there comes a ship," he said, "right up the Narrows, sailing as gayly as a chambered Nautilus. How do we know but that's the Esperance? At any rate, Tom's aboard of her. I know it. You see, Mrs. Van Arden, I once froze my left ear on a cold night when I was reefing aloft, and ever since then, when I'm going to meet any one in particular, it burns like a coal."

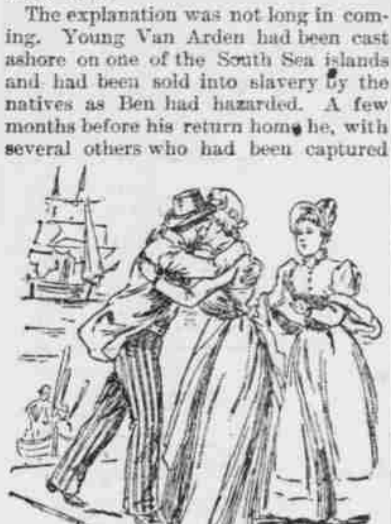
Thus Ben rattled on while the ship was slowly coming up the harbor. After a while she came in between Governor's and Bedloe's islands, and cast anchor off the Battery. At last, noticing that a boat was coming ashore and about to land at the foot of Battery place, the party got up from the bench and strolled to the landing place to meet it. They reached there before the boat, and when

it came in were scanning those who were in it—the mother looking for her son, the other two watching fearfully for the result on the old lady of Ben's desperate experiment.

Suddenly a man sprang from the bow and flew to the old lady. She opened wide her arms, and in a moment they were clasped about him, while a cry of joy rang out on the quiet Sabbath air. The others looked on in amazement.

Ben Maryweather had unwittingly hit upon one of those singular coincidences which, when they occur, are the wonder of those who know of them. It was Tom Van Arden who had come in on the ship they had been looking at, and was now clasped in his mother's arms. His sister, of course, did not know him.

The explanation was not long in coming. Young Van Arden had been cast ashore on one of the South Sea islands and had been sold into slavery by the natives as Ben had hazarded. A few months before his return home he, with several others who had been captured



THERE WAS A CRY FROM BOTH.

with him, besides two sailors wrecked on another vessel, finding themselves on the coast, after being kept a long time in the interior, seized a boat and put to sea. After being beaten about by wind and wave for a week with nothing to eat or drink for two days they were picked up by a British ship and taken to England. There they all shipped to America on the vessel the party had seen coming up the bay.

"Ben," said Tom Van Arden, one day not many weeks after the strange meeting—they had become close friends—"you will sail soon, and before you go I want to give you something that you may carry with you through life; have always by you, in remembrance of those kindly disinterested lies you told my mother."

"Something that I'd never like to part with?"

"Yes."

"Something I would always prize and would be a comfort to look at?"

"Yes, all that."

"There's only one thing that I can think of," said Ben. "If you can't give me that I don't want anything."

"Well, what is it?"

"Your sister."

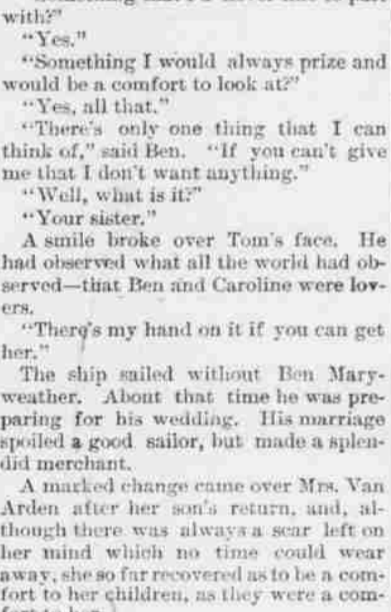
A smile broke over Tom's face. He had observed what all the world had observed—that Ben and Caroline were lovers.

"There's my hand on it if you can get her."

The ship sailed without Ben Maryweather. About that time he was preparing for his wedding. His marriage spoiled a good sailor, but made a splendid merchant.

A marked change came over Mrs. Van Arden after her son's return, and, although there was always a scar left on her mind which no time could wear away, she so far recovered as to be a comfort to her children, as they were a comfort to her.

No Cash for Him.



Alphonse (from the milliner's)—I offer you a bill of Madame and her daughters.

Mr. Highechurch—I can offer you nothing but a lot of Easter eggs and cards received by my family. When the glad Easter comes let us up and the deluge of bills for new clothes is stopped I can offer cash; but not now, not now.

EASTER DAY IN RUSSIA.

IT IS CONSIDERED THE GREATEST HOLIDAY OF THE YEAR.

The Russian Peasants Are Generally Inclined to Pious-Curious Ways of Celebrating Easter—The Eighty Million Peasants of the Land of the Czar.

Easter is held by Russians as the greatest holiday of the year. While the celebration of Christmas is shockingly mixed up with customs of decidedly pagan origin, Easter is closely interwoven with purely religious sentiments, very few heathenish superstitions obtaining at this time.



BRINGING THE "IKONS" INTO A PEASANT'S HOUSE.

Apart from the fact that the great bulk of Russians are sincerely pious, the preliminary exercises enjoined by the Greek church as a preparation for the

holiday are such as to predispose even the most unfeeling individuals to the sense of something exceptional lingering in the air.

Preparations for Easter begin as early as the Carnival, a week during which devout people already abstain from meat, though they eat everything else and freely enjoy the frolics pertaining to the time. With the first day of Lent about ninety millions of Russians—eighty millions comprising the peasant class alone—give up eating meat, eggs and milk, and henceforth subsist entirely on a vegetable diet, the poorest relying chiefly on pickled cabbage, cucumbers, buckwheat gruel, dried peas, black bread and "kvass," a slightly fermented home made drink, though not intoxicating in the least. A great many well to do people likewise abstain from fish, which, according to the severe rules of the Greek church, can be eaten in Lent only on Annunciation day and on St. Lazarus Saturday, preceding Palm Sunday.

It can well be conceived that the human system gets very much run down by such a diet when kept up for seven consecutive weeks, and that in consequence of it nerves begin to play and have with delicate constitutions. Then, as if this were not sufficient, comes the week of church devotions obligatory on every member of the Greek church prior to the receiving of the Holy Sacrament. These devotions imply going to church at least twice a day and once in the night, the services lasting about two hours on an average. Though most men



LEAVING CHURCH EASTER MORN.

of the educated classes of Russia are avowed agnostics, and, as such, do not even pretend to submit to any religious observances, still such of them as hold government positions are enjoined by the law to go to communion once a year. As to elderly persons the chief ambition of their declining years is to undertake some lengthy pilgrimage in order to pass Easter in Jerusalem or Kiev or at some other holy shrine.

As Easter draws near an indescribable feeling of solemnity, mixed with festivity, pervades the people. On Thursday great round Easter cakes are baked, and pyramidal shaped Paschal cheeses are made, with crosses modeled on each of the four sloping sides; salt is burned to a pepper color in the oven, to be eaten with those things, and red eggs are being provided. Children, meantime, vie with each other as to who has the largest number of colored silk cuttings and the largest pile of multi-colored silk lint scraps, to which shape other cuttings and ribbons had been reduced by untiring little hands. All those treasures are collected for whole weeks together in anticipation of the happy time when eggs have to be colored for Easter. No Russian child is happy unless it has at least a couple of dozen eggs all his own for Easter. These eggs are wrapped in many colored silk pieces or in silk lint, several layers of white cloth wound round them, and they are put to boil in lye. When taken out and unwrapped these eggs appear in most delicate and queer combinations of all the hues of the rainbow; while uniformly colored red, yellow and purple eggs get white crosses and appropriate mottoes scratched onto them. Thus eggs are prepared for rolling or exchanging with friends and acquaintances at Easter, it being the custom for any two people meeting for the first time on Easter week to exchange kisses and eggs, of which custom, however, I will speak further on.

None but the smallest children ever

think of going to bed on the evening of Holy Saturday; even such an attempt it finds deep to be unattainable on account of the general bustle and noises prevailing in houses and in the streets. At 10 p. m. churches begin to fill with people of all classes, eager to assist at matins; no seats being provided, all stand shoulder to shoulder in a dense crowd, the air overlaid with incense and rendered almost suffocating as toward midnight each one of the worshippers lights a taper and holds it while the clergy go around the church on the outside in a procession and then return within the church, singing the glad tidings: "Christ has risen."

These words are on the spot taken up by the congregation, faces brighten, friends and acquaintances push their way through the crowd greeting each other with the obligatory Easter kiss and the words: "Christ has risen!" to which the other party responds: "Indeed, he has risen!" After this, conversations set in and the congregation resolves itself into something like a large reception, while worshippers press forward to the place before the altar where the priest or bishop stands, holding out the crucifix to kiss to each person approaching him. People of the lower classes of whatever sex exchange here Easter kisses with the priest; the monks and bishops (who are always appointed from monks), however, kiss the men only, but none of the women, while the parish priests kiss all who offer to go through the ordeal.

Most people stay on in church through early mass, which often lasts until 5 or 4 in the morning, since the priest has to bless all the Easter cakes ("Kooliche") and the Paschal cheeses that are brought for that very purpose to church by their owners themselves, or by servants of richer households. After consecration cakes and cheeses are speedily carried home and set up on a large table, overlaid with all kinds of tempting edibles. As soon as the members of the family have returned from the midnight church services, they all sit down to "break fast," partaking first of the Paschal cake and cheese, and then proceeding to drink tea and eat of such meats as had not been tasted for the seven weeks of Lent. Poor and rich alike keep up the observance according to their means, and it is usually

brood daylight of Easter Sunday when people repair to their beds.

Members of the old nobility, as well as all such as deem themselves to belong to what is called society, in the largest cities generally attend Easter matins at some fashionable and exclusive private church, to which people are not admitted otherwise than by tickets; such are, in St. Petersburg for instance, the churches of the School of Law, of the Department of the Public Domain, the Cathedral of the Mounted Guard, on the Liteynoy, or the Church of the Palace of the Grand Duke Nicholas—uncle of the present czar. All those churches are justly renowned for their splendid choirs of singers, and people go to matins there attired almost as for a ball—all the ladies in white dresses, with bare heads, wearing in some cases dainty white lace caps, or even white flowers; while officers come in full dress uniforms, with all their decorations, and civilians sport their dress suits and white ties. Here it is the small minority only who listen to the service; the rest spend their time in conversation, many remaining in the outer halls, where they stroll talking and showing off their toilets. Sometimes the priest, exasperated by such a lack of reverence for the place, addresses a sharp reprimand.

The exchange of Easter greetings accompanied by kisses is an almost universal custom in Russia, from which even the higher classes can be exempt only when residing in the capital. In families of noblemen all the servants come up to greet their masters and their families; grown up sons and daughters of a landed proprietor have to illustrate Christian humility by stopping to kiss the poorest peasant on their estate if he offers to do so, meeting them for the first time on Easter week. In cities Easter kisses are sometimes bestowed by young ladies of society on any one for a consideration, for money to help some charitable concern. In Tula, for instance—a city of some 60,000 inhabitants, where I spent part of my childhood—the three handsome daughters of the local governor used to give the Easter kiss to any one who paid them twenty-five rubles (some \$12) for it, the money going to an orphan asylum. There are other



PEASANT WOMEN MAKING EASTER CALLS.

ways of remembering the poor at holiday times by making money of the society people. It is the custom, for instance, for gentlemen to make calls on Easter Sunday and Monday, and for ladies on Easter Tuesday, and some unhappy individuals have as many as fifty calls inscribed on their lists. In order to relieve people of such a terrible odium, it is offered to them to pay some \$5 into the treasury of some charitable institution of the place, in return for which good deed the names of all givers are printed in lists and sent broadcast about the city when not published in the papers, all such people being thereby absolved from making any holiday calls whatever.

No dancing parties or balls are given during Lent and Easter week, and no weddings are celebrated in the churches during all that time, and the first Sunday following Easter is held by all people to be the most fitting time for such weddings as take place in the spring; thus the number of weddings performed on that day throughout the empire is amazing.

It must be acknowledged that grown up people of the educated classes generally have a rather dull time of it in Easter week, but children and the lower classes enjoy themselves thoroughly. The children assemble in houses, have a large rug spread on the floor, with the edges turned up so as to prevent eggs from rolling off and being broken on the floor; such an egg as hits another wins it for its owner, and so the fun goes on. In every town and city a special place is reserved for the spreading of tents and the erection of swings for the populace. Popular comedy is given under the shelter of the tents, Punch and Judy excites unceasing



A PILGRIM TO A HOLY SHRINE.

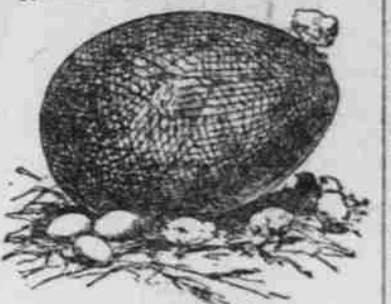
admiration, and young people are ready to spend entire days cracking nuts and swinging on the large revolving swings. The clergy meantime, followed by some voluntary assistants who carry holy tapers and images, go from house to house, crucifix in hand and sprinkling holy water on the walls of the houses, after which the priest and his followers are asked to partake of the collation spread on the table. This custom, by the way, is kept up even in many well to do and enlightened families. The large lunch table spread on Easter night for breaking fast on Easter cake and cheese remains set during the whole of Easter week, the edibles being supplied by new ones as soon as they disappear, each caller being invited to take a lunch before leaving.

MRS. B. MACGILLAN.

THE LARGEST EGG IN THE WORLD.

How would any of your readers, asks a writer for your folks in St. Nicholas Magazine, like an egg as big as a watermelon served for breakfast on Easter

morning? You might have seen just such an egg if you had lived in Madagascar hundreds of years ago, when the Aepyornis lived.



EGG OF THE AEPYORNIS MAXIMUS.

Why, you could have given an egg breakfast to seventy persons, and, at the rate of two of our domestic hens' eggs to each person, would have had plenty. Just think of taking the contents of 140 of our hens' eggs and putting them into one egg shell!

The bird that laid this enormous egg is known as the Aepyornis maximus, and it was the largest bird ever known to exist. It was a first cousin of the ostrich, although a much larger bird, towering above the tallest giraffe.

From the circumstances under which the first egg was found it was hoped the bird might still be living, but only the incomplete skeleton of it and fragments of other eggs were ever discovered. There is but one complete egg of this giant bird to be seen in the civilized world at present, and it is cracked in several places. It is in the possession of the French government, and is kept in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris.

Easter Festivities at Chester.

There is hardly an ancient English city which is not surrounded by the memories of the quaint customs of bygone times. Most of them selected some particular day to celebrate. Easter was chosen by Chester and was enlivened by sports—everybody played football, there being two games, one for the men and one for the women—and an imposing procession. This latter was not discontinued until 1736, having been kept up for centuries. It had its origin in the delivery from the Welsh of Lord Dutton's castle. Many minstrels and other roving characters were gathered together and marched toward the invaders' camp. They made an imposing appearance, and although they could not have fought for an hour, frightened the Welsh away. Lord Dutton, out of gratitude, declared



TRUMPETER AND HERALD IN CHESTER PARADE.

that a parade should be given every Easter for all time to come. Various sports are still held in Chester on Easter, and a dinner is still the reward of the winners as in ancient times.

Fond of It.

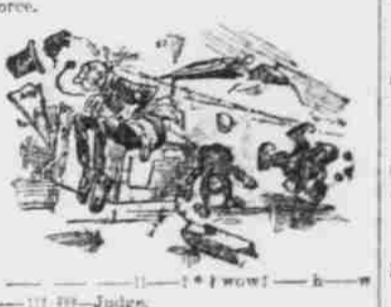
Lady (to tramp who promised to saw some wood)—Look here! Why aren't you working? You said you were fond of work.

Tramp (grumbling from his reverie)—Fond of it, mum! Why, bless you, I love it so much that I can't bear to use it all up so that the next feller that comes along can't get any ter do. I'm no hog, mum!—Lawrence American.



Two Striking Hits.

Deacon Smooth—By jove! that's a great hit, tho' not half forcible enough. If there is anything in this world I admire, it is force.



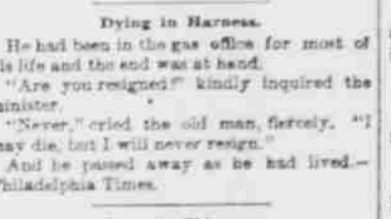
Her Weather Eye.

"Why do you encourage attentions from both Tom and Harry?"

"Well, dear, you know I like Tom best, but he is not very well off and can't afford a fair weather loan."

"Then what do you call Harry?"

"Why! my rainbow."—Hackett.



Dying in Harness.

He had been in the office for most of his life and the end was at hand.

"Are you resigned?" kindly inquired the minister.

"Never," cried the old man, fiercely. "I may die, but I will never resign."

And he passed away as he had lived.—Philadelphia Times.

Love in Chicago.

Mr. Portham—Again I ask you, Miss Leaf, will you be my wife?

Miss Leaf—No, Mr. Portham, I cannot be your wife, but I will be.

Mr. Portham—Sister of course.

Miss Leaf—No, a grandmother. Your grandfather proposed last night.—Epoch.

Where a Great Thought Was Born.

To the Editor of the Globe:

The following little piece is, I believe, original, and you may use it in your comic column. I conceived it while looking at a picture of Chicago with the World's fair in Park.

Chicago's big feat. Walking away with the World's fair.

Lynn, March 12.—Boston Globe.

Proper Enough.

Belle suddenly—I'm afraid all this talk about students' brotherly frictions for Sunday. May really—Oh, but they're all theological students, you know.—Harper's Bazar.

TWO BLIGHTED LIVES.

A Romance with a Vivid Touch of Tragedy from the Wink City.

The young man's work was over for the day. He was on his way to take the train for his parental home in the suburbs. As he passed the postoffice he stopped and went in. There was a letter waiting for him. It was addressed in a neat feminine hand and his heart beat wildly.

"I shall know my fate soon!" he said to himself as he thrust the letter in his pocket and hurried along toward his train.

Five minutes later he stepped aboard the cars just as they were moving from the station. With feverish haste he threw himself into a seat, took the letter from his pocket and began to read. It was as follows:

DEAR HARRY—Your letter of yesterday did not surprise me. Your eye told me long ago what you have just found courage to write. You deserve to be punished for being so fast hearted, but I have set my heart to be cruel. I will be your wife, Harry. Be happy. Your wife, Grace.

But this was not the way the young man deciphered it. With burning eyes he read it thus:

DEAR YOUNG—You little presumptuous kid! You fatigue me. Your girl would be astonishing if I did not know you are well to be surprised at anything you did. I have never sought your love, and you may be assured I have never been stuck on you. I am another man's.

With a yell of despair he sank to the floor insensible. Kind hands raised him up and restoratives were applied. He opened his eyes and gazed wildly around. His reason had forever gone. He was a hopeless maniac.

He had made the fatal mistake of trying to read that letter by the light of a suburban railway lamp.—Chicago Tribune.

Rigid Investigation.

Jack Staples frequently gets rattled. A few days ago some one removed the gate from its hinges down at his country seat at Flushing.

"See here, John," he said, addressing his coachman, "I want you to tell me the exact hour you were in the garden last."

"At 6 o'clock, sir."

"Then you will have the kindness to inform me whether the gate was still in its place when you closed it."—Morning Journal.

A Different Vegetable.

Tom—Look here, Dick, enough joking about this. I'm in earnest now, and I demand, sir, that you pay me that ten you borrowed.

Dick—So you're getting on your dignity, are you? Well, go ahead. You can't get blood out of a turnip, you know.

Tom—I'm not trying to—I'm trying to get money out of a beat.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Boarding House Sign.

Nora (the cook)—I'm thinking that young Blimperton must have paid his back board.

Mary Ann (the dish washer)—Sure, what makes you think so, Nora?

Nora—He's sent back his steak twice this morning, Mary Ann.—Lippincott's.

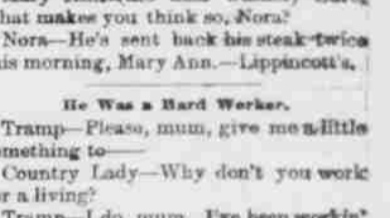
He Was a Hard Worker.

Tramp—Please, mum, give me a little something to—

Country Lady—Why don't you work for a living?

Tramp—I do, mum. I've been workin' dis ranch for all it was worth for the past week.—New York Herald.

A Professional Explanation.



Smiley—Glitterin' goodnest Fiddlers! where yer gam?

Fiddler—I'm deliverin' orders. Just got a job offer—boyin' down to Reek's animal store.—Puck.

Purely Hypothetical.

Mr. Rising Fuffty—Sir, supposing I should ask you for your daughter's hand, would—

Mr. Stuckson Bond—What!!!

Mr. Fuffty (retiring)—But, of course, sir, I am only supposing, you know.—Puck.

Was It Worth?

Belle (in a pout)—Charlie calls writing letters to me work.

Beau—Does he write very often?

Belle—Only three times a week, and just think, he writes only a miserly thirty-five pages each time.—Yankee Blade.

An Unhealthy Fish.

Tommy—Pa, I'm afraid the goldfish is going to die.

Pa—What makes you think so, Tommy?

Tommy—I held him in my hand awhile ago and he felt right cold.—Texas Bittings.

A Philosophical Father.

"There is a nice thing about having two babies in the house," said Shloppien.

"What is that?"

"They each cry so loudly you can't hear the other."—Chatter.

Wouldn't You Change?

"Doctor, I am very ill. And yet I eat well, I drink well, I sleep well."

"Never fear, my dear madam. We will cure you of all that."—Harper's Bazar.

Enthusiasm.

Two youths who were playing cards for the night.

Could never well understand.

How the fellow that said he had no trumps.

Was the one who got the girl's hand.—Exchange.

It Would Be a Pleasant Sound.

The young man's enthusiasm, after a four-hour fast, was not at all the person, address the matter. "Uncle, would you like to hear something that sounds even better than that?"

Uncle—You suppose you let the lid down hard.—Fingering's Bazaar.

An Unkindly Point.

Miss Rowland—Oh, well, you must not blame her; she is one of the people, address the matter. "Dorothy! She's a girl of the period! She doesn't know what a period is. Why, she never stops talking except with an exclamation point."—Harper's Bazar.

A Rooming.

"How do you want for the rank immortality of Chicago?" asked the New Yorker.

"We want 25,000 New Yorkers settled there," answered Mr. Laketown.—Life.